His Own Story of That Fight—Ran Away to the War at 16-Instances of His Courage-Also of Hits Humer-Couldn't Learn Poker-A Liberal Host and a

There were some exceedingly dramatio moments in the life of Jere Dunn, who died of cancer the other day in his home at Eliza-

beth, N. J., after long suffering.
Years ago when thick in the turnell of East Side politics, Dunn became involved in a wrangle with a Justice sitting on the bench and shot to death the brave hired, his friends said, to assassinate him. He desired to remain in New York and face the music. He believed himself justified in defending his own life at the cost of another and he was convinced that any jury would

His friends' argued that the judicial influence would be used against him with doubtful results, and they urged him to go away for a time upon the change that sentiment would cool in his absence and the pull against him might be dissipated. Acting under earnest persuasion, Dunn shaved off his heavy black beard and mustache and went first to Chicago, where he re-mained for a time under the name of Mat-

In the Illinois metropolis at that time there was a large billiard hall that had become the rendezvous of sportsmen of every description, and in this establishment Dunn used to spend much of his leisure time. The interior of the billiard hall was lined with broad mirrors, against which the backs of

tall lounging chairs were arranged.

Here it was that Dunn became acquainted with a man who was perhaps the best known private detective in America. The two struck up a friendship and had many a long chat as they watched the billiard players at

One day the men were seated beside each other, talking of various matters. Reflected in the mirrors across the billiard hall were the faces of both, so that each could see the expression upon the other's countenance without turning his head. Suddenly the detective, staring straight at the reflected countenance of "Mr. Mat-

thews of New York," inquired: "Do you know a man named Dunn?" The clean shaven, black haired visitor from the East gazed fixedly back into the eyes of

"Do you mean Jere Dunn?" he seked. detective nodded an affirmative re

"Yes. I know him very well," assented Dunn, never once faltering in his gaze into

the mirror over the way. "If you had a chance would you do him

favor?" pursued the detective. "I certainly would," responded Dunn.
"Then if you should happen to run across him, tell him to go to Mexico and be quick

The detective arose and shook hands with his acquaintance. Dunn walked out of the billiard hall and proceeded immediately to a railroad train southward bound. Some months later he received a telegram, unsigned, suggesting that he return to the United States and give himself up to the authorities. He knew whom the despatch was from and followed the advice im-

rendered to the authorities. The episode here described was the beginning of a friendship that lasted to the hour of Dunn's death, for the noted detective was one of the very last to press the hand of the dying man, when the death sweat was already gathering on his brow.

plicitly. It was in St. Louis that he sur-

The spirit of adventure was predominant in Jers Dunn almost from infancy. He was but 16 at the outbreak of the civil war, of course too young to enlist in the regular way; but he was determined to go to the front, even as his mother was determined that he should do nothing of the sort.

So when the first trainload of volunteer was about to pull out of Oswego Mrs. Dunn missed her boy and ran down to the station to find him. Through one car after another, in the seats and under them, and even beneath the piles of firewood in the woodboxes, she searched with the eager soruting of an alarmed mother.

She did not find her Jere. That young rascal was lying on the roof of one of the care, gazing down upon the head of his mother as she passed from one platform to the other in her futile attempt to find him.

Jere went to the war, telling the recruiting officers that he was of legal age to enlist. Perhaps they believed him. At any rate he was accepted as a soldier and he performed his three years of service. The only marks against him were for slipping out of camp at night and having a hilarious time of it till daylight with some of the other wild young fellows of his regiment.

Long years after the war was over he went to Washington to look up the army record of an enemy who was purduing him. Through the influence of a Congressman from Brooklyn he secured access to the War Department records under an assumed name. As was characteristic of the man, he began his investigation of the other fellow by first looking up his own

standing.

The official in charge of the documents produced the Dunn record and, after looking it over, said:
"Your friend Dunn was a good soldier,

a first rate soldier." Then the visitor requested details about the man he was after. When they were produced, the official, in scanning them,

book his head slowly and said: "Your other friend wasn't as good a soldier as Dunn. He ran away on the eve

Dunn always preserved copies of both records, for he made it a rule in time of peace to prepare for war, and he was never caught without ammunition.

HIS STORY OF RILLING BLAIOTT. His story of the fight with Flliott was intensely dramatic. He didn't tell it often, for like most men who have encountered great crises he was self-contained and not talkative except with his most intimate

One night in the winter one of these intimate friends met him on Broadway at about 7 o'clock. Neither of them had dined and they entered a restaurant, where, dinner having been ordered, they smoked and chatted over their cocktails. In a few minutes the friend found Dunn gazing at him intently with wide open, steadfast, searching eyes. Said he:

"How does it happen that you never asked me any questions about that Elliott affair?"

asked me any questions about that Elliott affair?"

The other told Dunn that in the first place he hadn't considered it any of his business, and in the second he hadn't supposed Dunn would care to discuss it.

"Well," Dunn continued slowly, with the calm, unruffled deliberation of a man talking of the most ordinary haptenings of human life, "to tell you the truth, I never talk about it to revens who question me; but seeing that you haven't asked me I am going to tell you about it anyhow."

GOOD AND BAD IN JERE DUNN.

So while they are and drank Dunn related the whole story.

"Elliott," he began, "fluked on a fight I had arranged for him and John L. Sullivan. I spoke my fittle piece about that matter and Elliott talked back. The things he was going to do to me for disputing his courage were numerous and they were also fleres.

fierce.

"We didn't meet at the moment and Elliött started West upon a theatrical tour. I guess a good many persons whom he met on the way counselled him to come back to Chicago and exterminate me, as he had said he would do. I heard he had arrived and was looking for me.

BOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

"I hitched up my little mare to my runabout in the morning, slipped my gun and a box of cartridges into my cost pocket and drove out into the country, where I satisfied myself that my weapon was in smooth running order and wouldn't hang fire on me in case I should need it. Then I drove back to town, cleaned the pistol thoroughly, ciling it in every part before I reloaded. After that I went downtown to all my usual haunts.

"I wasn't looking for Elliott particularly, but I didn't intend to evade him or to move out of his path. At several places I heard renewed stories of his threats and that he was trying to find me for the purpose of carrying out his threats.

"Finally I stepped into Appetite Bill's cafe, which was known as the Tivol. Elliott and Plaisted, the carsman, were seated at a table, and both arcse when I entered. I went to work immediately, and so did Elliott.

"Plaisted tried to his me own the head." HOW THE PIGHT BEGAN.

went to work immediately, and so did Elliott.

"Plaisted tried to hit me over the head with the chair upon which he had been sitting, but it caught in a chandelier and before he could do anything further Elliott and I had elinched and were at it so hard that it would not have been easy for Plaisted or anybody else to do anything to one of us without taking a chance of injuring the other. I guess perhaps no one cared to interfere. They told me afterward that everybody ran out of the place excepting one man, and he fell to his knees and pulled over his head a barrel half full of cyster shells.

"Elliott and I fought all the way from the front door to the extreme rear of the cafe and all the way back again. Every time either of us could get the pistol hand half way free there would be a shot. I couldn't see, for one of Elliott's bullets had ripped its way through the top of my scalp and the blood was running down into my eyes.

"Probably we talked some to each other

end the blood was running down into my eyes.

"Probably we talked some to each other while we were busy, but the only thing of the kind I can distinctly remember was right at the end of it. Elliott and I were wrestling and he came over on top of me as I fell. My left arm was around his neck and I got one of my legs over his so that I had him fast and firm at both ends.

BLLIOTT'S DEATH.

"Then I managed to sheve the muzzle of my revolver up underneath his abdomen so he could feel it. His ear was close down to my face and I said to him:

"Say your prayers."

"He writhed and did his best to pull away, at the same time bleating like a calf.

"You ain't going to kill me, are you, Jere?"

"I gave him another jab with the muzzle of the gun and told him again to say his prayers. Then, when he was whining, I let her go with my last shot and rolled him over upon his back.

"I stood there trying to get the blood cut of my eyes and some people ventured in, together with a policeman. By that time some one had taken off Elliott's coat and rolled it up under his head as he lay on the floor. The policeman touched me on the arm.

"Wait a minute," said I, and I waiked over and tapped Elliott on the shoulder with the toe of my boot.

"Have you got enough?" I saked.

"He nodded his head, and said 'Yea."

"Say it again," I said, 'it's music to my

ears.'

"I've got enough,' muttered Elliott.

"And I waiked away with the officer.

"On the road to the lookup we were passing a saloon called the Drum. I told the policeman I was thirsty, and that we would go in and have a drink. He exclaimed:

"Great God, Jere, I can't do a thing like that."

force took the notion into their heads that they could drive me out of Chicago before I was ready to go. I was living in the house of a former fighter, in the neighborhood of Cottage Grove avenue, and we had been over in Indiana to see a fight. In fact, both of us had been participants in framing up the battle and carrying it through.

"Late Saturday night some policemen came to the house with the idea of arresting me and keeping me locked up over Sunday. That was a part of the general plan under which I was to be discouraged as a Chicago resident. They were going to trump up everything they could and put me behind the bare as often as possible.

"I had two big guns in the house, and after sending the women folk into the back of the building where they would be out of harm's way, I walked down the front stairs and seated myself about four steps from the bottom. I told the officers through the door that I was on hand and prepared to defend myself.

"They argued a while and then went POLICE ROUTED.

door that I was on hand and prepared to defend myself.

"They argued a while and then went back to the station house to report. In a few moments there was a great racket outside. The sergeant had arrived with a squad of men and a battering ram. He came up the stoop and said:

"Jere, you might as well give yourself up, for if you don't we will beat down the door and take you, anyhow.

"I sung out in reply:

"Come right along. I'll get as many of you as I can. And say, Fitzgerald, if you are the game man you say you are, you come in first. I may miss some of your men but I'll make a sure thing of you."

"They didn't come. They had a long parley out there on the stoop and then they wanted to talk it over with me. I made them agree not to molest me and then I let two of them in.

"We sat down in the parlor and talked it over, my two revolvers resting across my lap in case they tried to double cross me. When they agreed to take me in a carriage instead of a patrol wagon and to drive to the residence of a justice instead of to a police station I went along with them, but always with the two guns where they were handy.

"I gave bail and the court proceedings amounted to nothing. The general result of it all was that the idea of taking me into custody ceased to be at all fashionable. As long as I remained in Chicago they let me strictly alone."

There had been a great hubbub in New

There had been a great hubbub in New York among Elliott's friends following the shoeting and all through the trial. One man was particularly vindictive and threatening in his attitude. He kept a saloon pretty well up Third avenue and frequently allowed that it wouldn't be healthy for Jere Dunn to show up in New York.

Hali now awings. This resort was conducted by William Tracy.

There was a bar in the front, and back of that was a room the floor of which was cleared for dancing. A plane stood at one side and a row of chairs circled the walls. The place was patronized mainly by rounders such as one meets in the Tenderloin at night. Now and then persons of note went to Tracy's to skylark or see the sights. Line Due to a Simple Impulse.

sights.

Among the patrons there was a woman who had once possessed in high degree the gift of singing and who still held a certain vocal sweetness. Pretty much everybody liked to hear her interpret simple ballads, and she frequently brought tears to the eyes of men and women alike in Bill Tracy's dance hall.

One evening Dunn stood by the piano, turning the leaves of a song for this woman, when he heard a big, burly fellow sitting near at hand exclaim with deep rooted sarcasm:

when he heard a big, burly fellow sitting near at hand exclaim with deep rooted sarcasm:

"I'd like to waits with his whiskers!"

Dunn paid not the slightest attention until the song had been finished. Then with grave courtesy he thanked the woman who had "obliged" and escorted her to a seat.

This act was followed with a request to the "professor" to strike up a tune and Dunn strolled over to the man who had made reference to him.

Laying his hand heavily upon the stranger's shoulder, Dunn said:

"Come along."

There was a wicked glitter in his glance and he was showing his big white teeth in that grin which persons who knew what it meant didn't like to see. The big stranger, in amasement, replied to Dunn's curt invitation with the question:

"Come where?"

"Oh," retorted Dunn, taking firm hold with his other hand, "you wanted to waits with his other hand, "you wanted to waits with his whiskers, and now I guess you're going to do it."

The man waitzed, waitsed until he was tired, and the room, which had rapidly filled up when the loungers learned what was happening, rescunded with roar after roar of laughter.

Falting our with Bill Track.

PALLING OUT WITH BILL TRACE.

Dunn and Tracy finally had a falling out. Tracy had killed a man in his time, a confidence operator named Miller, whom he shot in Darling's salcon, next door to what is now Daly's Theatre.

Dunn, with Tracy and ten or a dozen other companions, was in Wakely's cafe, at the corner of Forty-second street and Sixth avenue one evening. Dunn was waiting to catch the elevated car that would connect with the last boat to reach his midnight train from Jersey City to Elizabeth.

He miscalculated the time, and the train swept by just as he reached the foot of the stairs leading up to the station. He returned to Wakeley's after an absence of perhaps four or five minutes, and the instant he entered there fell a silence upon the men in the recommend.

than he entered there sen a shence upon the men in the room.

This immediately told Dunn that some-body had been talking about him, probably in an uncomplimentary manner, and he swept his eye along the row of faces until it fell upon the countenance of Tracy. There was no doubt about it. Tracy was the

man.

Dunn at once started in that direction, when a tail, athletic young fellow, a naval lieutenant, interposed. Dunn looked at him for an instant and said very quietly:

"My young friend, I don't wish to harm a hair of your head, but I'm going to Tracy, even if I have to go straight through you."

The Lieutenant stepped aside, and Dunn went over and hit Tracy a blow on the jaw which so completely knocked him out that consciousness was not restored for twenty minutes. After that when Dunn passed Tracy in the street he usually had his hands in his pockets.

FOUGHT WITH A BEAST. Dunn never expected any one to do for him that which he wouldn't undertake to do for himself. At one time during his early days in Chicago he kept a road house known as Ione Place. It was surrounded by spacious and picturesque grounds and was a resert for the drivers of trotting horses; as well as for dinner parties from the city.

the city.

Some one had presented to Dunn an extraordinary looking hybrid beast. Nobody knew just what it was, but it was said to be the outcome of crossing a hyena with a Newfoundiand dog. The animal was very ravage, and Dunn kept it chained on the grounds.

General waiting.

"Again, do this the noted, an from lack full, rea everybode.

e went our way, and the world knows all.
le rest—what a long, bitter fight it was to
onvict me and how I was acquitted in the
nd.

"Afterward certain people on the police
"Afterward certain people on the police of the grounds, where it stood at bay in a
oorner of the fence. Nobody would go oorner of the fence. Nobody would go and tackle the task of bringing it back. Dunn was standing on the front plazza in patent leather shoes, lavender trousers, white weistcoat, frock coat and silk hat. He looked the ground over fores moment, doffed his tile, stripped off his coat and waist-coat and went after his menagerie bare-handed.

handed.

They say it was a great battle that came off in the corner of the fence, but in the end Dunn dragged his screaming and clawing monster by the scruff of the neck to the place where it had been chained, and tied it up in safety. His lavender trousers were not much to look at, and his pleated linen shirt was a tattered rag, with more or less blood on it; but he had accomplished his purpose. his purpose.

NOT A GAMBLER.

NOT A GAMBLER.

It seems odd to those who knew Jere Dunn, and knew him well, to see it constantly asserted that he was a gambler playing for fabulous stakes. He was not a gambler, excepting that he bet upon the races like any other horseman.

At cards he was as feeble as an infant. He scarcely knew a two spot from a four flush, and he couldn't learn. Old companions of his, men who are card players by profession, have often related with amusement how valuity they tried to teach Dunn the values of cards and how to handle them."

Dunn the values of cards and how to handle them."

In a poker game he was what the sporting crowd call a soft mark. In fact, he never played except in some penny ante game.

Pretty much all that has been said and written of Dunn has treated of his few desperate adventures, with the result that the impression has gone out that he was a brawler and a bully, with his hand perpetually clasping the butt of a death dealing revolver. This is by no means a fair picture of the man.

Excepting when he was aroused by what he deemed a gross injustice he bore no indications of desire for war. In truth he would endure in patient silence more taunt and affront than men whose careers have been entirely of peace. Upon more than one cocasion a man fred up with a few draughts of liquor abused him, wanted to thrash him, and sought to arouse his ire. Persons of this description were always a source of amusement to Dunn, who could have thrashed a roomful of them, and yet, knowing his strength, held it in check.

In his home he was a host liberal to lavishness. Nothing was too good for his guest. He carved his huge roast of beef in slices half an inch thick, and he conducted all the operations of hospitality upon the same scale.

HIS LAST DIVERSION.

the shoeting and all through the trial. One man was particularly vindictive and threatening in his attitude. He kept a saloon pretty well up Third avenue and if frequently allowed that it wouldn't be healthy for Jere Dunn to show up in New York.

In due time, Dunn reached town accompanied by several friends who had been his companions on the journey. At the ferry he excused himself on the pleat that he had a social engagement which he could not well ignore. As quickly as a cab could take him to the spot Dunn pulled that he had a social engagement which he could not well ignore. As quickly as a cab could take him to the spot Dunn pulled that he had a social engagement which he could not well ignore. As quickly as a cab could take him to the spot Dunn pulled to that he had a social engagement which he could not well ignore. As quickly as a cab could refer were fifteen or twenty men in the room, and the proprietor was standing behind the bar down toward the rear. In clear, ringing, even tones Dunn said:

There were fifteen or twenty men in the room, and the proprietor was standing behind the bar down toward the rear. In clear, ringing, even tones Dunn said:

There was a dead silence, but the glasses were put on the bar, drinks were served, and Dunn, after paying the bill, walked calmly out to his cab.

That was the kind of man he was. When the crisis of his agony had passed and he was entering the portals of coma was the thought that a black cat was trying to destroy his bird. He made a savage kick at it, and when he was told that the animal had fled he dropped off to sleep contented.

That was the kind of man he was. When the crisis of his agony had passed and he was in him never came to the surface.

"When the spirit of Jere Dunn passed out from the stalwart frame that for sixty-three years had harbored it, his little pet cannary was trilling in its cage in the window and the morning sun in long lanting rays was shining into the room between the half turned billings. Probably the last card of the bird that had b

WOMAN AT THE TICKET WINDOW.

Her Coming In at the Head of the

"Women tell me," said Mr. Grumperly, "that, so far from giving thereby an exhibition of the superb and perfect nerve peculiar to her sex, the woman who calmly walks to the head of the waiting line at a ticket effice window to get her tickets ahead of all the rest may really not know what she is doing at all; that, in fact, in this situation she never thinks of the other people waising, or not with any realization of the fact that by going to the head of the lime herself she will be keeping all the rest waiting; that she does consider herself, but yet is not selfish. This, I am told, is how the situation presents itself to her mind:
"Why should I, when I would be keep-

ing only one person waiting if I went to the head of the line, have to go down to the end of the line and wait? If I go straight to the window I shall delay just one person. Why should this one mind? "This may seem to some like an incredi-ble line of reasoning, but such, I am told, is the thought, if they give thought to it at all, that prompts most of the women who march straight to the head of the line at the ticket window. There are women pigs and devils-mind, it is not Mr. Grumperly making use of that phrase, but one of the women who have done me the honor to converse with me on this subject-there are women pigs and devils who go straight to the head of the line deliberately, care-less of all the rest and knowingly keeping the line waiting for their own convenience but such women are few, and the prize

pig-again I quote-is man. The great majority of the women who do this are moved by impulse; they simply go there, with no thought of the line, not knowing or thinking of what they are doing, not realizing that thereby they are keeping the whole line waiting, or at the most realizing only that they are delaying

the one person at the head. "It is pointed out to me that women, inclined as they are to cluster, have walked up to the ticket office in this manner for generations, and that it is natural that they hould do so; that until within recent years woman has never been taught to do other wise: while through all these years in milltary training and in forming at voting places and in other ways men have been rained to form in line and take their turn.

"With the wider extension of the fields of woman's activity, with her introduction into business and other public forms of life, and her mingling more with men in everyday affairs and in daily travel, in working in varied occupations, and in all these conditions looking out for herself, woman is becoming more and more used to conforming to certain common public customs, as that of forming in line at ticket office windows, and fewer and fewer women now walk, unmindful of the line, to the

"One woman tells me that while the number of such is now steadily decreasing there are still more women than men who walk up to the ticket window oblivious of the line; but another woman tells me that undoubtedly more men so offend; for this is an offence on the part of a man, who is presumed to know better and thus to be deliberately taking advantage of those

"Again, I am told that when women "Again, I am told that when women do this they do it, with the few exceptions noted, and so in the great majority of cases, from lack of understanding, with no, or no full, realization that they are keeping everybody waiting. The beautiful, clear nerve of woman in the many circumstances of life in which she may be called upon to display it, and in which, as in so many other respects, she is so superior to man is other respect;, she is so superior to man, is not denied; but it is denied that she is ex-hibiting this when she calmly marches to the head of the line at the ticket office window."

From the London Answers. "Algernon is interesting," said the stock broker's daughter. What does he talk about?" inquired the

father. He's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations."
"Young woman," said the financier sternly,
"don't let him deceive you. Don't you let
him make sport of your ignorance. There
ien't any such stock on the market. I ought
to know, for I've been on the exchange long
enough."



For Baby's Skin & Scalp

Because of its Delicate Medicinal, Emollient, Sanative, and Antiseptic Properties combined with the purest of Cleansing Ingredients and most refreshing of Flower Odors.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticure Soap, Mc., Oint-ment, 50c., Receivent, 50c., (in form of Chocolate Coate.) Fills, 55c. per vial of 60;. A ringle set often curea, Depote: London, M Charierhouse 64; Paris, 5 Rus de la Paris; Boston, 187 Columbus Ave. Fotter Drug & Chem.

-Sterling-

BROOKLYN ADVERTMENERYS.

Our Greatest

July Sale of

UPRIGHT,

GRAND

and SQUARE

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIANOS

Just a word of explanation to those who are not familiar with the Sterling Piano Company's methods of conducting the largest Piano business in Greater New York, nearly every line of business has its dull season, July and August are conceded to be the dull months in the Piano trade, BUT NOT HERE, for we will not concede that there need be a dull month in a LIVE UP-TO-DATE BUSINESS. Our entire building (six floors) is filled and actually crowded with new and used Pianos and we are going to sell them at the

Lowest Prices Ever Quoted for Good Pianos.

If you have thought of buying a Piano within the next six months it will certainly be to your interest to visit our warerooms this week. During the past two months we have taken nearly

One Hundred Pianos in Exchange

For new Pianos of our own make. Most of these have been taken as part payment in exchange for the new Sterling Interior Playerpiano, and have come from Brooklyn's best homes. Some of them are almost new, but all have been put in the best of condition in our own workshop and can hardly be told from new planos. We have also about

40 Nearly New Pianos of Our Own Make,

which will be included in this sale at greatly reduced prices. Some are factory samples, others have been used a few times in concerts during the past musical season, and there are several returned rentals that cannot be distinguished from new instruments. The price reductions mean

A Saving of \$50 to \$150.

Lot Number One

ebonized finish. Original prices from \$325 to \$550, July Sale Prices, Lot Number Two

Consists of Sterling Pianos only. There are about Consists of Huntington and Mendelssohn Planos 20 different styles in oak, mahogany, walnut and (our own make) which have been on rental th past season. Original prices \$275 to \$350, July Sale Prices,

Lot No. Three--Pianos Taken in Exchange.

This lot consists of the following well known makes-many of them cannot be distinguished from new pianos: Chickering (two), Behr Bros., Stultz and Bauer, Krakauer. Needham, Cable, Mayers, Gordon, Thayer, Perkins, Bradbury, Rosenkranz, Christian, Arlington. Ivers and Pond, Meyer. Original prices \$150 to \$450. July Sale Prices, \$60 to \$200.

Square Pianos Almost Given Away.

Lot Number Four. Worth

\$25 to \$50.

Consists of the following makes : Gale & Co., Henry Hawkey, Grow and Christopher and sevLot Number Five. \$50 to \$75,

Lot Number Six. \$75 to \$125. consists of the following: Knabe, consists of the following: Gab-

Thompson, Raven & Bacon, Gilbert, Raven & Ier, Arington, Waters, Sawyer, Gale & Co., Henry Hawkey, Grow and Christopher and several others.

Consists of the following: Consists of the Sale commences to-morrow morning and con....ues until every one of these bargains is sold-Come Monday if possible.

Fair and Liberal Monthly Terms

If you do not wish to pay cash you can take advantage of our monthly payment plan, which is fair and liberal. We do not charge extras of any kind, nor do we take a note or mortgage. You simply agree to pay a stated amount at our store each month.

The Sterling Piano Co.,

518-520 Fulton Street, corner Hanover Place, Brooklyn. Closed Saturday at 12:30.

PIXIES OF OLD CORNWALL. Good and Bad That Is Charged to These Little People.

Piskies, pixies, or pigseys, are a tribe of elves peculiar to old Cornwall, a territory once extending to the eastern edge of Dartmoor, which is still included in the duchy. They are not elemental spirits, but in material life were those of the Celtic tribes who refused to give up their ancient religion for Christianity, but otherwise lived blameless: hence their sympathy with humanity. Not good enough for heaven, nor bad enough for hell, their wandering souls were permitted to remain on earth, haunt-

ing their own familiar moorlands, wooded coombes and waste sea beaches. In early May and during the reign of the harvest moon they are active in revel. but their chief festival of the year is held on Midsummer eve, says the London Globe. With the passing of many centuries they have greatly shrunken in size, and are now indistinguishable, by daylight, from ants, moths, or butterflies, except by those in-timately acquainted with their appearance. A troop of these sprites was beheld of late years by one who had the gift of such sight on a sunny hillside one brilliant sun afternoon. They were dancing amid the heather bells, climbing tall foxgloves, tumbling queer somereaults, outting fantastic capers, and as the Cornish saying runs, "laughing like a piaky."

This shows them to be a merry rece.

Apparently they are gradually becoming converted to Christianity, for on Christmas eve they assemble in the deepest mines to celebrate the holy season, when solemn entrancing music may be heard, and choirs of unearthly voices chanting "Nowell, They are tricksy elves, skilled in glamo

and illusion. A favorite deceit of theirs

and illusion. A favorite deceit of theirs is enticing the lonely night traveller into bogs by appearing like the light in a cottage window or a man walking with a lantern across ground where no human foot can tread in safety. They steal pretty bables from their cradles, leaving ugly changelings in their places.

'If spoken of disrespectfully, or even mentioned by name, they take violent offence. Hence they are called "The Others," the "Small People in Green" or the "Good Folks." At Germol is a green lane well known as a resort of fairles. Once on Midsummer Eve two tinners who worked at Croft Gottail, a mine hard by, were returning late down this Bat lane aforesaid and found it full from end to end of the little people, holding high festival.

Among the crowd one of the men recognized his own child; for one evening the boy had been as beautiful as could be seen and next morning was ugly, weasened and altered. Therefore the Others must have changed him. When relating this tale next day at Croft Gothal he was suddenly thrown into a deep pit and almost killed. When carried home his wife, furious at the cause of their missortunes exclaimed that the pixtes were "taxin', tricksy devils." Instantly she fell backward into the fire and was burned severely, a convincing proof that these elves must not be triffed with. is entioing the lonely night traveller into

At Treonike, a small hamlet in St. Austell perish, a boy was once beguiled away from his home, lost for many days, and finally, after all hope of finding him had been given up, he was one morning discovered fast calcep on a tuft of bracken, hard by his father's cottage door. His own story has that he had been playing near that spot of the day of his disappearance, when he heard most exquisite music in the air.

At first he mistook this for bird song, but soon realized that the Little People must be the unseen musicians. Following the sounds, he easily penetrated a thicket whose depths he had never before secceeded in entering, for some invisible guide smoothed the undergrowth in his path, while causing thorns and briars to sprieg up, closer and more matted than formerly, behind him and on either hand. Also the music became more and more ravishing.

At last he found himself upon the shore of a small lake, which, to his surprise, reflected the sky thick with stars, though it had been full mountide on the common but a short time earlier. Then a lovely had came through the darkness, took him by the hand and led him about underground palaces, with crystal archee glowing with changing fints, far finer than any cavens in the deepest mine.

There he saw many marvellous sights, feasted on dainties he had never tasted in his life before, gambolled or conversed with troops of merry playmates, all beautifully dressed in green. At last he fell asleep from sheer weariness, and awoke in the spot where he had first heard the Pisky minstrels.

The Gump, a knoll near St. Just, is a noted most for Fire weariness. Many worthy folis

minetrels.

The Gump, a knoll near St. Just, is a noted spot for Pixy revels. Many worthy folls have been privileged to witness their feasts, in a spirit of friendliness, and often were the beautiful the property.